



GREEN
HORNET
JULY No. 12

ON THE AIR
IN THE MOVIES

10¢

U.S.A.

BERLIN
HAUS

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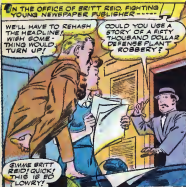
HAUS

IN THIS ISSUE SPIRIT OF '76 - ZEBRA - TWINKLE TWINS

The GREEN HORNET

EVEN THE GREEN HORNET NEEDS ALL HIS STRENGTH AND INGENUITY TO COPE WITH THE HALF MAN, THAT CURIOUS CREATURE OF GUNNING AND EVIL WHO STEALS, KIDNAPS AND MURDERS--- BY HALVES!



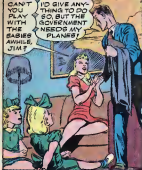


Gentlemen
Enclosed please
find \$25,000
which is roughly
half of what
I returned.
Everyone is
making money
these days.
So I'm taking
my share.
Best by nature
The Half Man

LATER, THE HOME OF JAMES WALLINGFORD, AIRPLANE MANUFACTURER

CAN'T YOU PLAY WITH THE BABIES ANYMORE, JIM?

I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO DO SO, BUT THE GOVERNMENT NEEDS MY PLANES!



COME ON! YOU MUST LEARN TO WALK!



SUDDENLY--



HELP! POLICE! HELP!



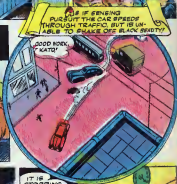
ONLY ONE THING WILL HELP YOU--



YOU WILL RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS IF YOU CALL THE POLICE THE BABY DIES!

PLEASE! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING--







JOEY IS SPEAKING TO A STRIKING BRUNETTE AT HER HOME!

CERTAINLY I WANT TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP THE WAR EFFORT! SOMETHING BIG!

THROW A PARTY AT WHICH YOU CAN AUCTION OFF THE FLAMING TWINS FOR ARMY RELIEF!

THE FLAMING TWINS ARE THE MOST PERFECTLY MATCHED DIAMONDS IN THE WORLD! I'LL DO IT!

I'LL PLAY IT UP IN MY PAPER!

THE FLAMING TWINS ARE TWO PERFECTLY MATCHED DIAMONDS WHICH HAVE NEVER BEEN SEPARATED SINCE THEY WERE BORN! THEY WILL BE AUCTIONED FOR ARMY RELIEF!

HELLO - POLICE COMMISSIONER? CAN YOU ASSIGN TOM WILSON TO THE VAN PLYN AUCTION? THERE WILL BE VALUABLE JEWELRY ON DIS-PLAY!

THE NIGHT OF THE AUCTION---

EE - HELLO. MR. REID! I'M NERVOUS WITH SO MUCH JEWELRY AROUND! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, TOM!

WITH SO MUCH JEWELRY AROUND!

MIDNIGHT! THE AUCTION IS STARTED---

...AND WHAT AM I BID FOR THESE PRICELESS STONES?

\$10,000!

\$10,000!

SUDDENLY---

WHAT'S WRONG?

HELP!

LIGHTS-- QUICK!



LOS THE LIGHTS GO ON---

DON'T MOVE--
ANYBODY!

THE
GREEN
HORNET!

THE FLAMING
TWIN--
THEY'RE
GONE!



EVERYBODY
WILL BE
SEARCHED!
YOU FIRST,
TOM WILSON!

HE'S MY
A COPY?



HERE IS ONE
HALF OF THE
FLAMING
TWIN--
HALF-MAN!

YOU'RE MAK-
ING A MIS-
TAKE! LET
ME TALK TO
YOU ALONE!



IM GOING AFTER
THE SECOND
DIAMOND!



I KNOW WHO THE HALF-
MAN IS! HE'S MY TWIN
BROTHER! HE HAS HERE--

AND STOLE
THE SECOND
PENDANT! HE SLIPPED
THE ONE
YOU FOUND
INTO MY POCKET!

WHY?
ARE
YOU
HIS
PART-
NER?

NO-NO! HARRY IS A
CRIMINAL! SO HE ROBS
AND RETURNS HALF,
WHICH IS MY SHARE!
HE FEELS HE IS HALF
OF A TWIN!

I HATE TO TURN
IN MY OWN BROTHER!
BUT I REALIZE I
MUST DO SO! ---
GONE!









The SPIRIT of '76



A WEST POINT CADET, GARY BLAKELY SECRETLY DISGUISES HIMSELF AS THE SPIRIT OF '76 AND LEADS HIS ROOMMATE TUBBY REYNOLDS AND HIS SISTER, SUSAN, ON A WERRY CHASE....

THE BARN HOLTE BRIGGS WILL BE SHOWN AT EIGHT AT THE RIX-CARTON HOTEL THAT'S WHEN AND WHERE WE'LL STOMP THE RIX-CARTON HOTEL AT EIGHT!!

THE BOYS SAID THAT TO-NITE'S THE NIGHT. WE MUST NOT FAIL!!



MEANWHILE, IN A PRIVATE DINING ROOM IN THE RIX-CARTON HOTEL.



I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE THAT GENERAL A. I UNDERSTAND IT'S A REALITY!

SO I'VE HEARD! BUT RIGHT NOW I'M WONDERING WHERE OUR ILLUSTRIOUS JAN NOWAK IS!

SO AM I!! HE'S TWO HOUSES LATE ALREADY WHO HE HE ANYWAY!!

DON'T YOU KNOW? HE'S ONE OF EUROPE'S MOST FAMOUS AUTHORS!! THE NATS HAVE A BIRD'S EYE ON HIS HEAD AND EVERYTHING!!



HAS ANYONE EVER SEEN HIM? I WONDER!! GOOD HEAVENS!! WHAT ALL THAT RACKET ABOUT!!

L-LOOK!!



HELLO! HELLO! ONE SIDE YOU STUPID DOLT!! AFTER... I AM JAN NOWAK!! WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO EAT?



WE'LL DON'T ALL SIT AROUND LIKE A BLUNDER OF SARKIS CATTLE! GIVE ME A CHAIR! AH!! THIS ONE WILL DO! SET OFF!!



AND HOW DO YOU ALWAYS THINK YOU CAN COLLECT YOURSELF ENOUGH TO ORDER ME SOME FOOD!! WELL, I'M STARVED!!



SOUP!! I WANT SOUP!! DON'T BOTHER TALKING TO ME ANY OF YOU!! I CAN'T STAND A LOT OF STUPID CACKLING WHEN I EAT!!

SOUP!!

CONFIDENT!!

COME ON!!



I TRUST YOU'LL EXCUSE US, MR. NOWAK!! GLADLY!! THE QUICKEST THE BETTER!! CAN'T STAND YOUNG LIL STARTS IN UNIFORM!!

GO!



THAT BIG STUFF!! WHEN!! WHAT A CHARACTER!! HE IS!!! YAAAAA!!

I'LL SAY!! NEARLY!! THEY... TUBBY LOOK!! OUR ROOM DOORS OPEN!!





LEAVING THE ROOM, THE TRIO GOES DOWNSTAIRS TO THE GREAT BALLROOM OF THE HOTEL, WHERE THE CITY'S SMART SET WERE GATHERED TO SEE THE INVALUABLE GEM....





MEANWHILE ..



RETURNING TO THE
TRAIL OF BLOOD, THE
SQUAT CREW FOLLOWED
IT DOWN INTO THE
BARE DEPTHS OF
THE HOTEL'S PUNGE
CELLARS...



GOSH!, IT'S SO DARK
IN HERE, I CAN'T DOPE!
WHAT IN...?!



WHAT A RACKET!...
I HOPE NOBODY
HEARD
ME!!



THE BLOOD STAINS
SEEM TO...
HWA...!



YOU DON'T KNOW HOW
LUCKY YOU ARE, BIL!
THAT THE BOSS SAID
NO SHOOTIN'! IF
IT WAS UP TO
ME TO FILL YA
FULL OF HOLES!







A FEW MINUTES LATER

WHA...WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE...WHAM! JAN
NORAK!! YOU!! T
THEN YOU... YOU
DIDN'T STEAL THE
EMERALD!!

STEAL THE
EMERALD!!
MY DEAR FELLOW
DO I LOOK LIKE
A THIEF??



I AM JAN NORAK AND
THESE GONKLES OUT
THERE ARE GOSSARD
AGENTS!! THEY
WERE AFTER ME
NOT THE EMERALD!!
THEY TOOK IT TO
FINANCE THEIR
SUBVERSIVE
ACTIVITIES HERE!!
THEY ARE GOING
TO KILL ME, AND
TO KILL YOU TOO!



MY BODY GUARD
WAS AWFUL! I
WAS TO UNITE ME
SO THAT I COULD
FREE YOU!! IT WAS
HE BLOOD THAT
YOU TRILLED! HE
WAS SHOT WHEN
THE LIGHTS FLEW
WENT OUT!! SEND
LITEN!! THEY'RE
COMING
BACK!



OKAY... I'LL FINISH
OFF!! IT'LL BE A
PLEASURE! A...
HEY!!



HEY!! LOOK!!
THEY'RE GONK!!



NOT QUITE PLAYMATE!
WE WOULDN'T LEAVE
WITHOUT
YOU!!



THE TIME, BOYS, THE
CURTAINS COMING
DOWN FOR THE
LAST TIME!!



GOOD-NIGHT, BRIGHT
EYES!! HAPPY
DREAMS IN YOUR
SLOT SUIT!!



HERE!! YOU... THE
FAT ONE'S GETTING
AWAY!! GET
HIM!! GET
HIM!!



TIE UP THE
OTHERS, I'LL
SEE YOU
LATER!!



FAT STUPID WON'T
GET AWAY FROM...
GODDAMN!!



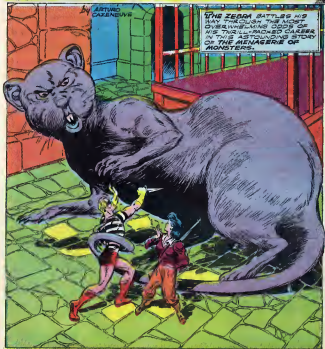


The ZEBRA

and THE CASE of THE MENAGERIE of MONSTERS!

by ARTHUR
CARBONEURS

THE ZEBRA BATTLES HIS
WAY THROUGH THE MOST
OVERWHELMING CASE OF
HIS THRILL-PAVED CAREER
IN THE ASTOUNDING STORY
OF THE MENAGERIE OF
MONSTERS.



JOHN DOYLE, YOUNG ATTORNEY,
AND MARY, HIS SECRETARY, TAKE
A WELL EARNED VACATION. HURRAY!

DON'T FIRE UNTIL
YOU SEE IT!

N-NO!

DON'T
SHOOT!
IT'S ONLY
A RABBIT!

LOOK AT THE
SIZE
OF IT!

AND THEN...



MARY-- DROP
TO THE
GROUND!



IT BETTER GET
HIM THE FIRST
TIME!



I NEVER
SAW A
DOG SO
BIG!

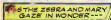
HE WAS FOLLOWING
THE RABBIT! LET'S
DO THE SAME!



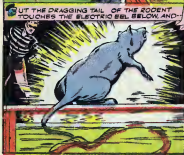
THERE IT
IS! IT
LOOKS
TAME!

THERE ARE
A FEW QUESTIONS
I'D LIKE TO ASK
ITS OWNER!









MEANWHILE, THE MAD PROFESSOR
GLOATS OVER HIS DISCOVERY--



HA, HA! THE MIGHTY
ZEBRA IS NO MORE!
IT WAS MY BRAIN--THE
GREATEST BRAIN IN THE
WORLD-- WHICH KILLED
HIM! NOW I WILL
TAKE THESE PILLS
TO BECOME THE
STRONGEST MAN
ON EARTH!

BUT A DREAD SHADOW CHOKES
THE WORDS IN HIS THROAT--



TH--THE ZEBRA!
BUT YOU'RE
DEAD!



WAIT--
ZEBRA!
WAIT!

THERE IS A
FORTUNE IN
THESE WEAPON
PILLS! I'LL SPLIT
WITH YOU! WE'LL
BE RICH--RICH!

THE DISCOVERY
IS GOING
TO THE GOVERN-
MENT!



STICK
'EM UP
ZEBRA!

ABOUT
TIME YOU
GOT HERE!



I'VE GOT TO
DO SOMETHING!



I'LL TURN THE
ANIMALS
LOOSE!







I FOUND PEOPLE TIED HERE!

LOOSEN THEIR GAGS!



I AM PROFESSOR BINNETZ, AND THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, VERA!

THEN WHO IS THIS RAT?



HE'S A CROOK! HE FOUND OUT ABOUT MY INVENTION, AND WANTED TO CAPITALIZE ON IT! WHEN I TOLD HIM I WAS GOING TO TURN IT OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT, HE MADE US PRISONERS!



THIS WILL HOLD YOU UNTIL I CAN GET YOU TO JAIL! CAN YOU QUIET THE ANIMALS, PROFESSOR?

I CAN TOSS SOME CHLOROFORM DOWN!



THAT WILL HOLD THEM UNTIL I GAG THEM AGAIN!



I MUST GO! SEE THAT THE GOVERNMENT GETS YOUR INVENTION PROFESSOR!

I WILL!



JOHN DOYLE DROPS HIS CLOTHES AND RETURNS.

DO YOU SEE THE ZEBRA? HE JUST LEFT! COME IN AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!

IT SOUNDS INTERESTING!

ARMY FUN!

"Guest from
FUN PARADE"



"Now SOMEBODY'S got to fire the gun!"

"Will you please stop
hitting MY butt!"



"I didn't join the Navy
because I was afraid I'd
get scolded!"



Now you read our companion magazines:

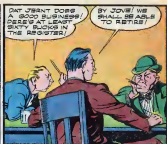
SPEED-CHAMP-ALL NEW WAR VICTORY-ADVENTURES

THE TWINKLE TWINS

and the CASE of
the POISONED
PAPER

SABOTAGE
IS A DANGEROUS
BUSINESS, AND
SABOTEURS ARE
DANGEROUS.
DESPERATE MEN
TO DEAL WITH, AS
DAN AND DIANE
TWINKLE LEARN
ALMOST AT THE
COST OF THEIR
LIVES AS THEY
TACKLE THE NUT
AGENTS BEHIND
THE
POISONED
PAPER!







1 BUT BLIND TRUTH AND THE WHIRL TAINS ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO FIND THE NEWS INTERESTING!

LUDWIG, LOOK! MIKE DRS. MUSCLE HAS INHERITED MADDOON'S NEWSPAPER! LUDWIG MIKE IS A GERMAN DESCENT!

HMM... MAYBE HE WOULD BE INTERESTED IN A LITTLE PROPOSITION

A LITTLE LATER....

YUP, I'M MUZZLING IN ON THIS BACKST! IF MY LITTLE MOST MADE MILLIONS RUNNING A NEWS SHEET, A LIVE-WIRE LIKE ME OUGHTA MAKE BILLIONS!

THE ONLY THING I DON'T LIKE ABOUT THIS BUSINESS IS ITS LEGITIMATE, BUT I GUESS I'LL GET USED TO IT!

AND I AS AN ASSISTANT EDITOR, BY JONES IT IS REMARKABLE

TO THINK I'D EVER BE FORCED TO MAKE AN HONEST LIVING... AN AS A REPORTER, NO LESS!

WELL, WE WISH YOU LUCK, MR. MADDOON!

I'M AFRAID HE'S GOING TO NEED IT!

THANKS, KID!

EDITOR

I DON'T HAVE MUCH HOPE FOR THEIR PAPER!

ME NEITHER! I THINK THESE BOYS HAVE MORE IN MIND THAN JUST RUNNING A NEWSPAPER!

HERR... I MEAN MR. MADDOON?

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOUR GENTS?

WE WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU... ALONE!













Story

BEHIND the COVER

Britt Reid, crusading young newspaper publisher of the Sentinel, looked up from the editorial he was writing.

"There's a gentleman to see you, Mr. Reid," Lenore Case told him.

"Send him in," said Britt. He pushed aside the papers on his desk and leaned back in his chair. A moment later a meek looking individual crossed the threshold.

"Mr. Reid?" he asked.

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

The little man fingered the brim of his hat nervously and said. "My name is Arthur Gainsworth, sir, and I— I'm in trouble. I need help."

Britt indicated the chair beside the desk. "Sit down," he offered, "and tell me about it."

The little man seated himself on the edge of the chair, and stared at the floor. He swallowed a few times, and then said, "Well, you see, sir, I'm employed as a checker at one of the warehouses of the Munson Munition Company. I— I have reason to suspect that some of the men there are smuggling out boxes of munitions! I'm positive they are Nazi agents!"

Britt put his elbows on the desk and leaned forward towards the little man. "This is a matter for the police," he said.

The little man wet his lips. "I— I'm afraid to go to the police."

"Afraid? Why?"

"Well, you see, sir, the men at the warehouse suspect that I know what they are up to. I'm sure they have someone follow me wherever I go. I'm sure they'd kill me without hesitation if I as much as approached a policeman. That's why I came to you."

"Himman," reflected Britt. "You are in a spot."

"Mr. Reid, if I could get in touch with someone like the Green Hornet — I'd be afraid of nothing."

Britt arched his eyebrows. Then his eyes narrowed and he stared incisively at the little man. "Have you any idea how to get in touch with him?" he asked.

"Why, no, but I thought that perhaps you could contact him for me."

Britt's eyes narrowed even more until they were merely thin slits. "What makes you think that I have any way of contacting him?"

The little man shifted nervously in his chair. "Well, you see, sir," he explained, "I've been an avid follower of the Green Hornet's exploits, and I couldn't help but notice that whenever The Green Hornet was on a case, you invariably were in the picture, too. Naturally, I concluded that your connection with the Green Hornet was more than, er, circumstantial."

Britt studied the man for a long moment. At length he said, "All right, I'll see what I can do, Mr. Gainsworth. Where is this warehouse you work in?"

"It's on First Street and Ocean Avenue, on the waterfront. It's directly opposite Pier 17."

"What time during the day are these men on the job?"

"We work a split shift. This week we are on the night shift."

"All right, Mr. Gainsworth, you just go about your business in the usual way, and leave the rest to me."

"Thank you, sir," he exclaimed happily. "You don't know what a load this takes off my mind!"

A heavy fog had rolled in from the sea, and covered the waterfront streets like a shroud. Britt Reid, now in the guise of the mysterious GREEN HORNET, moved cautiously across the cobblestoned street to the black shadow of the warehouse.

He heard a sound behind him and whirled about — but it was too late! Something struck his head with terrific impact! There was a bright, blinding flash of light in his brain and then everything went black!

... A loud, throbbing pounding helped him regain consciousness. At first he thought the pounding was inside his head, but then he realized that it came from the room he was in. Several men were looking at him, but he could not see them clearly, for his eyes were misty. There were pipes along the ceiling and walls, and complicated machinery. The smell of oil was rank. He thought he was in the engine room of some factory.

One of the men in the room said in a familiar voice, "Well, our guest seems to be waking up."

The Green Hornet looked at him. It was Arthur Gainsworth. He instinctively put his hand to his face to feel if his mask were still there. It was.

Gainsworth noticed the movement, and grinned broadly. "No," he said, "we didn't unmask you. We decided that the Fuehrer himself should have the pleasure of being the first to learn the true identity of the Green Hornet!"

The Green Hornet knitted his brows. Did the man mean Adolf Hitler?

"Where am I?" he demanded.

"About fifty feet underwater," said Gainsworth. "In a submarine!"

The Green Hornet glared at him with such intensity that the little man shrank back against the wall.

"So this was a trap? Well, you've caught me! What do you expect to do with me?"

"Der Fuehrer will decide that!" said one of the other men. "He ordered your capture. You have interfered with our work off our agents long enough — So we have taken steps!"

"He'll usually do," observed the Green Hornet.

... It was several days later that the Green Hornet was taken from the Nazi U-boat and delivered into the hands of an army escort.

The Submarine Commander handed the gas gun to the Lieutenant in charge of the escort. "Der Green Hornet's gas gun," he said. "Guard it carefully, its secret mechanism will be worth copying!"

"Ja," said the Lieutenant, clicking his heels and giving the Nazi salute.

They started off, the Green Hornet flanked on all sides.

They turned into a side-street — and the Green Hornet got to work. He flung out his arms, grabbed the two soldiers on either side of him and pulled them towards him, knocked their heads together. The soldier behind him took a desperate lunge at his back, and found himself flying through the air. He collided hard against the soldier in front of the Green Hornet.

The Green Hornet leaped over the confused men, and tackled the Lieutenant. In a moment he regained his gas gun. Twenty-odd Nazi soldiers went to sleep. A painter was putting a poster of Hitler on a wall. He ran, and the Green Hornet picked up the brush and with two quick strokes, left a livid V over the Fuehrer's face. Then he disappeared into an alley.

... What happened after that is something of a mystery. The Green Hornet was not seen again in the streets of Berlin, though the Germans searched the city for months. That same night, a long range bomber disappeared from an airfield a few miles from Berlin, which might, or might not have anything to do with the Green Hornet. All we know about the matter, is that Britt Reid, after an unexplained absence, is back at his desk at the Sentinel.

MIGHTY MIDGETS

ON THE
"WAR PATH"
ART
HELFANT,





The GREEN HORNET

WHO IS THE BRAIN,
THIS MASTERMIND OF
CRIME WHO IS AS
VICIOUS IN THE GAIN-
ING OF HIS ENDS AS
HE IS CUNNING....?
WHO? THE GREEN
HORNET PLAYS A
GAME WITH DEATH
TO FIND THE ANSWER!







THANK HEAVENS,
MOST OF THE
MONEY IS IN
THE VAULT!

A LOT OF GOOD
DOT VILL DO
YOU! WE
HAFF DER
COMBINATION
TO DER VAULT!



THE BANK ROBBERS DO
THEIR WORK SWIFTLY
AND EFFICIENTLY...



THERE THEY GO...
WITH A QUARTER OF
A MILLION DOLLARS
OF THE BANK'S
MONEY!

THAT WAS
THE NEATEST
JOB I'VE SEEN
IN A LONG TIME!



MR. SMYTHE,
THIS WAS AN
INSIDE
JOB!

ONLY THREE OF US
AND MISS BLANC KNOW
THE COMBINATION!
NONE OF US COULD BE
CONNECTED WITH THIS!



MR. ZEID, THIS
IS MR. ARNOLD,
MR. VON DRUCKNER
AND MISS BLANC...

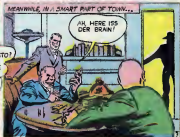
HOW DO
YOU DO?

HM... VON
DRUCKNER...
GERMAN NAME,
AND THE
CROOKS WERE
GERMAN!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A CASE FOR THE
GREEN HORNET! THE FIRST
STEP IS TO
VISIT THE HOME
OF SMYTHE
AND THE
OTHERS AND
DO SOME
PRYING...

HELLO, KATO!
MEET ME
WITH THE
BLACK
BEAUTY
AT...



MEANWHILE, IN A SMART PART OF TOWN...

AH, HERE IS
DER BRAIN!





BUT THE BANK PRESIDENT IS NOT HELD AT THE POLICE STATION FOR LONG...

I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HUMILIATED!
I'LL SUE THE CITY! I'LL
MAKE THEM PAY FOR
THIS OUTRAGE!

RESTRAIN
YOURSELF,
MR. SMYTHE.
YOU HAVEN'T
AS YET BEEN
CLEARED OF THE
CHARGES!



BAH! IT'S RIDICULOUS/
PREPOSTEROUS! ACCUSING
ME... ME... OF ROBBERY!
I'LL BRING SUIT AGAINST
THEM IMMEDIATELY!



THAT NIGHT...

JUST WHEN EVERYTHING
WAS READY THAT
CONFOUNDED **GREEN
HORNET** HAD TO
INTERFERE!



I'LL NEVER BE SAFE
WITH THAT MAN
RUNNING AROUND LOOSE!
HE MUST BE DISPOSED
OF! I'LL SET A TRAP
TO CATCH HIM... A
DEATH TRAP!



BUT HOW TO TRAP HIM? WASN'T
THERE A CRIPPLED BOY NAMED **TOMMY
RYAN** WHO HELPED THE **GREEN HORNET**
WITH A CASE? THAT'S IT! I'LL SEND
SOMEONE OR
GO MYSELF
TO SEE
THAT BOAT



A LITTLE LATER...

DOES LITTLE
TOMMY RYAN
BOARD HERE?



THAT HE
DOES, MAMAM, MY
A FINE BOY, I
NEVER SAW!

HELLO, SO YOU'RE
TOMMY RYAN?

YES, MAMAM, YOU...
YOU WANT TO
SEE ME?





YES, TOMMY, I HAVE A
LITTLE PRESENT
FOR YOU!



WITH THE COMPLIMENTS
OF THE BRAIN!



SURE AN' IT'S A
KIDNAPPIN'!
POLICE! POLICE!

STEP ON
IT, HANS!



I'LL CALL MR.
REID! HE'LL KNOW
WHAT TO DO!



HELLO! THE
SENTINEL?
COT ME MR.
REID!
QUICK!

WHAT! TOMMY
RYAN KIDNAPPED!
I'LL GET THE POLICE
THERE, IMMEDIATELY!



HA, HA, HA!
IT WON'T BE
LONG NOW!



BUT BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE...
THE GREEN HORNET ENTERS!

WHY SHOULD
ANYONE KIDNAP
A POOR BOY
LIKE TOMMY?
IT DOESN'T
MAKE
SENSE!



A CRUMPLED
PIECE
OF PAPER...







LOOKS LIKE THE
END OF THE TRAIL!



THE
GREEN
HORNET!

QUICK, HANS!
SHOOT HIM
BEFORE HE
GETS HIS GAS
SUN OUT!



WATCH OUT
BEHIND YOU!

WELL, WHY
DON'T YOU
SHOOT?

I'VE
GOT TO
TAKE
AIM, DON'T



THAT'S RIGHT!
NEVER DO
THINGS
HURRIEDLY!

HIMMEL!

OH!



SO THE BRAIN
IS A WOMAN!



IT'S THE
WOMAN WHO
KIDNAPPED
ME!

I
DON'T
THINK
WE'VE
PENETRATED
THE COMPLETE
DISGUISE



PARDON ME IF I
REMOVE YOUR WIG,
MISS BLANC! YOU WON'T
NEED IT WHERE YOU'RE
GOING!

I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN I DIDN'T
STAND A
CHANCE AGAINST
THE GREEN
HORNET!

it's the **STORY** that counts!

HERE ARE THE 6 COMICS THAT
HAVE EARNED YOUR PRAISE

By OFFERING *real* STORIES, PLOTS
AND ACTION TOLD IN THRILLING
PICTURES BY SUPERIOR ARTISTS
THAT LEAVE NOTHING TO YOUR
IMAGINATION!



6 COMICS THAT YOU'LL *cheer!*



NEW ISSUES JUST OUT...

GET YOUR COPIES NOW!

GREEN HORNET

13

July 1943

COVER

GREEN HORNET	PIERCE RICE & A. CAZ.	10
SPIRIT OF 76	BOB POWELL	10
THE ZEBRA	ARTURO CARABALLE* [†]	10
ARMY FUN	RICHTER* [†] , HARVEY*	1
TWINKLE TWINS	JUL EL ELWIN	10
STORY BEHIND THE COVER	TEXT	2
MIGHTY MIDGETS	ART HELFANT*	2
GREEN HORNET	PIERCE RICE & LOUIS CAZ.	10